

THE
ORATORS.

A
COMEDY
OF

THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

By *SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.*

AS PERFORMED AT

The Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market.

WHERE MORE IS MEANT THAN MEETS THE EAR.

IL PENSEROSO.

S.W.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, and S. BLADON.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.



LECTURER,	Mr. Foote.
	Mr. Weston.
	Mr. Pynn.
	Mr. Quick.
	Mr. Bannister.
	Mr. Davis.
	Mr. Loveman.
	Mr. Castle.
	Mr. Palmer.
PUPILS, &c.	Mr. Strange.
	Mr. Smith.
	Mr. Pearce.
	Mr. Keen.
	Mr. Gardiner.
	Mr. Newton.
	Mr. Shuter.

T H E
O R A T O R S.

A C T I.

Enter Will Tirehack, and Harry Scamper, booted, with Whips in their Hands, into a Side-Box.

Scamper.

PSHAW ! zounds ! prithee, Will, let us go ; what signifies our staying here ?

Tirehack. Nay, but tarry a little ; besides, you know we promised to give Poll Bayliss and Bett Skinner the meeting.

Scamper. No matter, we shall be sure to find them at three at the Shakspeare.

Tirehack. But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what it's about ?

Scamper. About ! Why lectures, you fool ! Have not you read the bills ? and we have plenty of them at Oxford you know !

Tirehack. Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

Scamper. Why then, stay and enjoy it yourself ; and I'll step to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horse. We shall see you at three. [*Rising.*

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Tirehack.

Tireback. Nay, but prithee, stay.

Scamper. Rot me if I do.

[*Going out of the Box.*

Tireback. Halloo, Harry! Harry—

Scamper. Well, what's the matter now?

[*Returning.*

Tireback. Here's Poll Bayliss come into the gallery.

Scamper. No——

Tireback. She is, by—

Scamper. [*looking.*] Yes, faith! it is she, sure enough.—How goes it, Poll?

Tireback. Well, now, we shall have you, I hope?

Scamper. Ay, if I thought we should get any fun.

Tireback. I'll make an enquiry. Halloo! snuffers, snuffers!

Enter Candle-snuffer.

Your pleasure, Sir?

Tireback. What is all this business about here?

Snuffer. Can't say, Sir.

Scamper. Well but you could if you would, let us into the secret.

Snuffer. Not I, upon my honour!

Tireback. Your honour, you son of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your master come hither, we want to ask him a question.

Snuffer. I will—

[*Exit.*

Tireback.



Tireback. Scamper, will you ask him, or shall I?

Scamper. Let me alone to him—

Enter FOOTE.

Tireback. O! here he is—

Foote. Your commands with me, gentlemen?

Scamper. Why, you must know Will and I here are upon a scheme from Oxford; and because cash begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

Tireback. Three and twenty shillings, besides the crown I paid at the door.

Scamper. And I eighteen; now, as this will last us but to-night, we are willing to husband our time; let us see, Will, how are we engaged?

Tireback. Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakspeare; after that to the Coronation; for you know we have seen it but nine times—

Scamper. And then back to the Shakspeare again; where we sup, and take horse at the door.

Tireback. So there's no time to be lost, you see; we desire, therefore, to know what sort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

Foote. Have you not seen the Bills?

Scamper. What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all slang, I suppose; no, no. No

tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—
What, are there any more of you; or do
you do it all yourself?

Footie. if I was in want of comedians, you
gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a
lift; but upon my word, my Intentions, as
the bill will inform you, are serious——

Tireback. Are they? then I'll have my
money again. What, do you think we come
to London to learn any thing?—Come,
Will. [Going.

Footie. Hold, Gentleman, I would detain
you if possible. What is it you expect?

Scamper. To be jolly, and laugh, to be
sure——

Footie. At what?

Tireback. At what——damme, I don't
know—at you, and your frolicks and fan-
cies——

Footie. If that is all you desire, why,
perhaps we shan't disappoint you——

Scamper. Shan't you?—why, that is an
honest fellow—come, begin——

Footie. But you'll be so kind as not to
interrupt me?

Scamper. Never fear——

Footie. Ladies and gentlemen——

[Suds from the opposite box calls to
Footie, and stops him short.

Suds. Stop a minute; may I be permitted
to speak?

Footie. Doubtless, Sir——

Suds.

Suds. why the affair is this: My wife Alice—for you must know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am a soap-boiler in the city,—took it into her head, and nothing would serve her turn, but that I must be a common-council man this year; for, says Alice, *says she*, It is the *ontliest* way to rise in the world.

Foote. A just observation—you succeeded?

Suds. Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow of the business. Well, Alice, says I, now I am chosen, what's next to be done? “Why now, says Alice, “*says she*, thee must learn to make speeches; “why dost not see what purferment neighbour Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his *speechifying*. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can't but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may'st rise.——”

Foote. Your lady had reason.

Suds. Why I thought so too; and, as good luck would have it, who should come into the city, in the very nick of time, but master professor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterers-Hall.

Foote. You improved, I hope?

Suds. O Lud! it is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—Oh! we

never stop to spell a word now—and then he told us such things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphasis, and accent; heaven bless us, I did not think there had been such things in the world.

Footie. And have you *speechified* yet?

Suds. Soft; soft and fair; we must walk before we can run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The Mansion-house was not built in a day, Master Footie. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; Now, Ephraim, says she, thy business is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a *speaker* at once, and out she pull'd your proposals. Ah, Alice, says I, thee be'st but a fool, why I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture—why, 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but seeing, says she, so, *wolens nolens*, she would have me come hither; now if so be you be serious, I shall think my money wisely bestowed; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you shall see me no more.

Footie. Sir, I should be extremely sorry to lose you; if I knew but what would content you?

Suds. Why, I want to be made an orator *on*; and to speak speeches, as I tell you, at
our

our meetings, about politicks, and peace, and addresses, and the new bridge, and all *them* kind of things.

Foote. Why, with your happy talents I should think much might be done.

Suds. I am proud to hear you say so. Indeed I am. I did *speechify* once at a vestry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to say the truth, that was the thing that provoked me to go to Pewterers-Hall.

[Sits down again.]

Foote. Well, Sir, I flatter myself, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two instructors, you will here make a tolerable progress. But now, Sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of our design, and I hope, in the process, you, gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, Sir, information.

Mr. FOOTE then proceeded in his lecture.

My plan, gentlemen, is to be considered as a superstructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern professor of English, both our labours tending to the same general end; the perfectioning of our countrymen in a most essential article, the right use of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity to think I have as happily finished; he has, it is true, introduced you into the body of the
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the church, but I conduct you into the choir of the cathedral : Or, to explain myself by a more familiar allusion, though he is the Poitier who teaches you the step and the grounds; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone; mine propriety with elegance.

For though reading, so shamefully neglected, not only by those of tender years, but the adult; not only by children, but even by grown men and women; not only in our private seminaries, but in our public universities; is allowed to be a necessary ingredient towards the formation of an orator; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts are requisite to obtain this perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to support an argument without the danger of a defeat, at least if we may trust observation, that of all the professions that require a verbal intercourse with the public, there is no one to which reading is of so little utility as that of oratory.

I need not insist upon this head, as I believe every gentlemen's experience will furnish him with instances of men eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application necessary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the same time so ill-suited to their tender years, and so opposite to
those

those innocent amusements in which children are known universally to delight. *Thwart not a child, for you spoil his temper*—is, or at least ought to be, an English proverb, as it is an universal practice.

I would not here be understood to depreciate the usefulness of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the professor's plan; no, my meaning is only just to drop a hint that I may occasionally use him as a walking stick; a kind of an *elegantly clouded Mocoa*, or an *airy Anamaboo*: yet, that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as a *support*, or lean upon him as a *crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than necessary to me.

But useless as is his plan to me, I sincerely wish it success for the sake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts should be made from every parish of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, so in this of intelligent persons, who at the expence of the several counties, should be sent to the capital, and there compelled to go through as many courses of the professor's lectures as he shall deem sufficient: thus, by those periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely served, and a stock of learning laid in, that will last till time shall be no more.

Would

Would our rulers but adopt this scheme! how superior would England be even to the most illustrious periods of Greece and Rome! what an unrivalled happiness for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them! Ye Solons, ye Lycurgus's, ye Numa's, hide your diminished heads; see what a revolution two laws in a few years have produced; see a whole people, sunk in more than Gothic ignorance, accustomed to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-share, or the harmless spade, start out at once profound scholars and veteran soldiers: If at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, should condescend to pay this kingdom a visit, methinks, I anticipate the account he will give of us at his return, (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, bursting into the capitol, and there finding the senate fixed and immovable in their seats, declared them an assembly of kings,) so will he at once pronounce the whole British nation to be an army of generals, and one congregation of doctors. Happy country! where the *Arma & Toga* are so fortunately blended, as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one; that the culture of our lands will sustain an infinite injury, if such a number of peasants were to deparochiate, there being already
scarce

scarce hands sufficient, from the recruits constantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common business of husbandry.

But what are riches, perishable commodities, glittering, transitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the substantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind! this truth is indeed, happily inculcated by an old English adage ;

“ When lands and goods are gone and spent,

“ Then learning is most excellent.”

This sensible and poetical distich, I would recommend to Mr. Professor, as a motto for his intended treatise; but I suppose he is already well provided with an apt *Latin*, if not a *Greek* one, to either of which I must yield the preference.

But to wave this ethical argument; I think I can easily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious *Succedaneum*. Suppose a clause was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a sufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be transported hither to supply the vacancy : but here it must be observed, that for this purpose an act of parliament is indispensibly necessary; for though it would be difficult, if not impossible, for us, in our present condition, to get in even our harvests, without the aid of hands annually exported
for

for that purpose from Ireland; yet this is at best but an illicit trade, and the men themselves are to be considered under the article of smuggled goods: a very heavy penalty being laid by statute on all masters of vessels, who shall venture to import any of the abovesaid commodity into this realm, without special licence; to this purpose I recollect a case in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflaarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii. chap. 9. page 4.

But if this should be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Irish, as we have never been remarkably profuse in our favours to our loyal and affectionate sister, I see no other method of redressing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this service all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room, a suitable number of discreet middle-aged females; and these when they have been properly perfected in the mysteries of our language, may be returned to their several parishes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a stock for the succeeding generation; and, indeed, upon consideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the best method for the introduction and universal propagation of the plan.

For the English common people, naturally fullen and obstinate, and religiously attached to their old customs, might be shocked and scan-

scandalized to see, at one bold stroke, the fescues and fasces, which have been, from time immemorial, consigned to one, or more matron in every village, ravished at once from their hands, and delivered over to the administration of the opposite sex.

But to return to my own subject, from which my zeal for Mr. Professor's success has tempted me to make rather too long a digression.

When I ventured to affirm that the profession of an Orator might exist independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four-and-twenty letters, so far as (*in the words of the Professor*) they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be understood to assert this generally, as to every species of oratory, but to confine myself to those particular branches only, where the orator's own mind suggests the matter that his own mouth discharges: For instance, now, as when affairs of state are weighed at a common-council, religious points militated at the Robin-Hood, the arts and sciences handled in the Strand, or politicks debated near Westminster-abbey; here the arguments and words given are supposed to arise from the immediate impulse of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the stage, where one individual furnishes
the

the matter, and another administers the manner, the case is widely different.

In the first instance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indispensibly requisite, as scarce any memory but the late Mr. Heydegger's could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, the Old and New Testament, briefs, faculties, excommunications, &c. &c. &c. and a lapse on those solemn occasions might be attended with very awkward circumstances; nor would I here be supposed to insinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from the pulpit are not the composition of the deliverer; no—This is so far from being generally the case, that I have often heard complaints made against particular agents, that they have forced upon their congregations their own crude and insipid productions, when, at the same time, their native language would furnish them with so extensive and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unless he be well read in theology, may be led into a mistake; for there are some men, who, by a particular happiness in their manner, have the address to make the works of other men so absolutely their own, that there is no distinguishing the difference; at this the poet hints in his *male dum recitas*, &c. For these various reasons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot be too strongly recom-

recommended to the professors of this kind of oratory.

With regard to the professors of the stage, tho' reading is undoubtedly useful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be supplied by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a person to read to him till the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, tho' tedious, I have known frequently practised with good success: little blunders will now and then unavoidably arise, either from the misapprehension of the second agent, or the ignorance or waggery of the third; but these slips are generally unobserved, or, thro' inattention or, indulgence, overlooked by an audience. But to return to the consideration of my own plan, from which no temptation shall, for the future seduce me to digress.

We will first, then, consider the utility of oratory.

Secondly, the distinct and various kinds, or species, of that science, as they are practised at this day in this kingdom.

Thirdly, we will demonstrate, that every branch of English oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its rise, progress, and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is intirely repugnant to all those principles they have endeavoured to establish.

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Fourthly,

Fourthly, that any rhetorical system now existing, instead of a cross in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wisp, to confound, perplex and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will result a necessity for the immediate establishment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of these proposals does hope, sixthly, that he shall be appointed perpetual professor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to observe, that the author has industriously avoided, and will, in the course of this treatise, avoid all poetical allusion, all grandeur of expression, all splendor of diction; in short, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic subjects, order, simplicity, and perspicuity, are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and polish the understanding of my countrymen.

First, then, we are to demonstrate the utility of oratory: and, this, we flatter ourselves, will, in a great measure, be evident from the consideration of its universality, and the distinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man eminent in the art.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician,

physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concerned: To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of 558 individuals, where, tho' the same privilege is enjoyed as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possessed in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtained in consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators in *esse*, *posse*, and *velle*, to a smaller quantity than 20,000; and this, I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to the priesthood, let us consider what number of persons is necessary to supply that service? England is divided into nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen parishes: now, if we suppose two pastors for every parish, this learned body will be found to consist of nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-six individuals; but as the most sacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal stroke that puts a temporary period

to our existence, than the profane, it is necessary that a provision should be made of fit and able persons; so that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been so blinded as not to guard against this possible contingency, by erecting schools, seminaries, and universities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill up chasms which may be occasionally made by the insatiable scythe of death. If then we estimate this corps de reserve at the half only of the standing force, we shall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foresee that an objection will be made to this calculation, viz. That two pastors to every parish is a most exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many parishes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, instead of two, are scarce able to support one pastor; and that this complaint is almost general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this respectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are obliged to have recourse to very unclerical professions for the support of themselves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be considered that in our original estimate we omitted all deans, canons, prebends, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ships, regiments, and private families,

families, together with the whole body of dissenting ministers of all denominations, field-preachers, and parish clerks, I believe we shall be thought rather to have diminished than exaggerated the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the several inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we shall not be able to determine, with the same degree of certainty, the exact number of those who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws: I am, therefore, obliged to depend on circumstantial evidence, which, in some cases, is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof positive.

And here the reason of the law (as the law is the perfection of reason) is extremely clear. To illustrate this by an instance:

A swears a robbery against *B*; *A* may lye, or at least be mistaken; but if the goods stolen from *A*, and previously described by him, are found, with their mark, in the possession of *B*, *B* not being able to account for such possession, that circumstance shall be deemed of at least equal weight against *B*, as if *A* was to swear positively to the personal identity of *B*. This being the practice of the courts, we shall proceed, with all possible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts), to produce our proofs circumstantial. As in the former instance we have

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grounded

grounded our calculation on the number of parishes, we shall in this derive our computation from the number of houses in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unnecessary to observe, that not only in every town, but almost in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are constantly caught by the appearance of a smart house, prefaced with white rails, and prologued by a red door, with a brass knocker; when you desire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this mansion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer such a one: now, if a hamlet containing thirty houses, with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only sources of wealth, can support one attorney in this rural magnificence, what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital sustain? But because I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houses. The number of houses in the reign of George the First (since which time the quantity is considerably encreased,) was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 23,518; and, if we reckon one barrister to twenty attorneys, the sum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one small part of this numerous body can be benefited

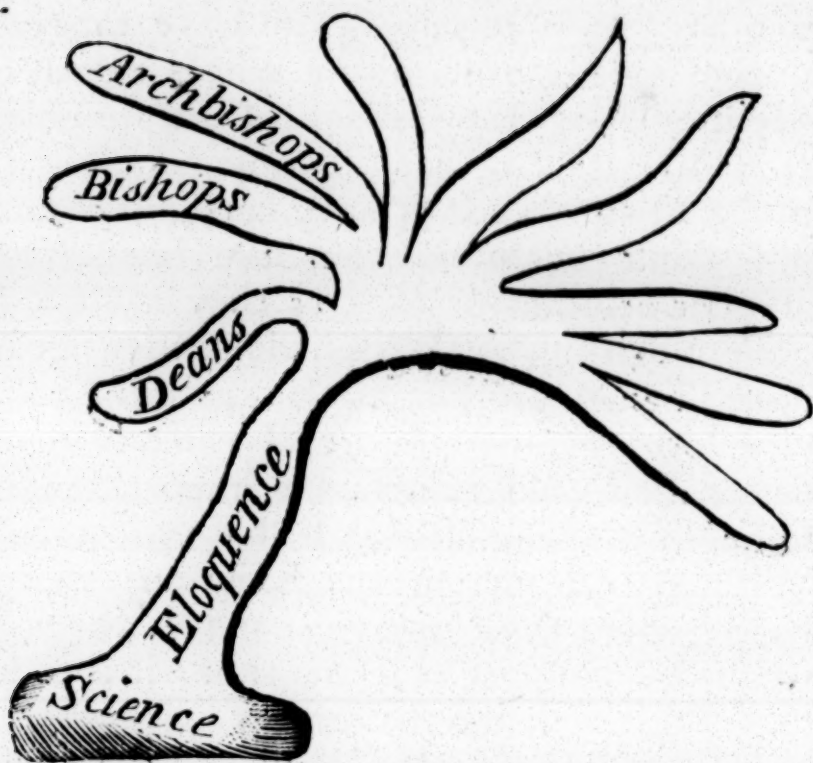
benefited by my plan, the privilege of speaking publicly being permitted to the superior order, the barristers alone: but this criticism is confined to the observation of what passes merely in Westminster-Hall, without considering that, at every quarter and petty session at all county-courts, courts-leet, courts-baron, &c. &c. &c. full power of pleading is permitted to every practitioner of the law.

As the number of those who incorporate themselves to promote, not only with their cash but their counsel, the progress of the arts and sciences, is unlimited, it will be impossible for any fixed period to ascertain their quantity: nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court-Register has been silent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; besides, as what has been already offered is more than sufficient to prove the utility of our scheme from its universality, we shall not trouble our readers nor ourselves with any further calculations; for tho' they are replete with great depth of knowledge, are the result of intense application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the disquisition is but dry and tedious, and our purpose always was, and is, to mix with our instruction a proper portion of delectation.

We will, therefore, for these reasons, hasten to the consideration of the second point

proposed, viz. An inquiry into the various kinds of oratory now existing in this country. And we shall not, on this occasion, trouble ourselves with the investigation of all the smaller branches of this art; but, like the professors in anatomy, contenting ourselves with the dissection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble ones to the care of subaltern artists. Leaving, then, to the minute Philosophers of the age all the orators of vestries, clubs, and coffee-houses, *Paulo majora canamus*; and for the better illustration of this head, permit me, reader, to be a little fanciful. We will suppose oratory to be one large tree, of which tree science is the *radix*; eloquence the trunk; from which trunk sprout nine distinct ramifications; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will present thee with the tree itself, not enigmatically hieroglyphied, but plainly and palpably pourtrayed.

Archbishops



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to myself the merit of this happy explication; I own the hint was first given me with my Grammar. The ingenious, profound Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various, and almost impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and stupendous mountain *Qui Mibi*: here, dreading lest their youthful ardour might be damp'd with the steep ascent, he reanimates their slackened nerves with the mystic picture of an apple-tree, the access to whose boughs, though tedious and difficult, will yet

yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontrouled through the whole region of pepins. May the luscious fruit sprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal spur to every beardless orator!

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at present existing in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a sincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of some of those useful and able artists. Sir William Temple, in his Essay on Poetry, has recorded their virtues; and as the race was not extinguished in his time, it is to be hoped that it still remains.

In Ireland, says Sir William, the great men of their septs, among many officers of their family, had not only a physician, a huntsman, a smith, and such like, but a poet and tale-teller.

The first recorded and sung the actions of their ancestors, and entertained the company at feasts; the latter amused them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not sleep: and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lye very ill at nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring one of those tale-tellers, that when he lay down would
begin

begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damsel, and continue all night long in such an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened; and he believed nothing any physicians could give had so good and so innocent an effect to make men sleep in any pains or distempers of body or mind. These are Sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing instance of the power of those orators over the passions, it requiring full as much art and address to assuage and quell, as to blow up, and excite, a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long since depending in parliament, for the better regulating the city-watch, a clause was recommended, by a late respectable magistrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from sleeping at nights on bulks (the source of many disorders) the said watchmen should be compelled to sleep six hours in the day; an arch member seconded the motion, and begged to be included in this clause; for that being grievously afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days sleep a single wink; now if he could be compelled to take a six hours sleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much shorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was rashly rejected; but if the house had received the least intimation of the astonishing abilities of the Rockers, (for by that appellation I choose to distinguish this order of orators,)

orators,) I am convinced that the above clause would not only have been received, but that proper encouragement would have been given, by parliament, for the introduction and establishment of this useful oratorical sect.

Nor, indeed considering the vast addition to our customary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cause of concern to many thousand individuals, do I think a visit from a convenient quantity of those artists would be now out of season; but how this honour is to be obtained, whether any of these great men are now residing amongst us, under the disguise of chairmen and hackney coachmen; or whether it would not be more adviseable to employ those gentlemen who have so lately and successfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in search of the ablest professors; is submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts.

I am aware that, on this occasion, some arch wag, possessed of the same spirit with the above senator, will object to my scheme of importation, by alledging, that we have of our own growth an ample provision of rockers, and refer us for proof to our several churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the sleep-compelling power will be experimentally demonstrated to exist in its full force amongst us; but not to derogate from the abilities of my countrymen,

men, surely the shortness of the time, the cause of the nap, rarely continuing above fifteen or sixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment: besides, how can one orator supply a whole parish, unless, indeed our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniences too obvious to need a recital.

Abstracted from this last order, the English orators are to be divided into four distinct classes, the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the stage; with the first of these branches, the pulpit, I shan't interfere, and, indeed, so few people now of consequence and consideration frequent the churches, that the art is scarce worth cultivation. The bar—

Scamper. Pshaw! there's enough of this dull prosing; come, give us a little of something that's funny; you talked about pupils. Could not we see them?

Foote. Rather too precipitate, Sir; but however, in some measure to satisfy you, and demonstrate the success of our scheme; give me leave to introduce to you a most extraordinary instance, in the person of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year since this astonishing subject spoke nothing but Erse. Encouraged by the prodigies of my brother professor's skill, whose fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remotest regions, his relations were tempted to send this young genius to Edinburgh; where he
went

went through a regular course of the professor's lectures, to finish his studies; he has been about six weeks under my care, and, considering the time, I think you will be amazed at his progress. Donald!—

Enter Donald.

What's yer wull, Sir?

Foot. Will you give these ladies and gentlemen a proof of your skill?

Donald. Ah, ye wad ha' a specimen of my oratorical art.

Foot. If you please.

Donald. In gude troth on ye sal; wol ye gi' me a topick?

Foot. O! chuse for yourself.

Donald. Its aw one to Donald.

Foot. What think you of a short panegyrick on the science we are treating of?

Donald. On oratory? wi' aw my heart.

Foot. Mind your action; let that accompany your words—

Donald. Dunna heed, mon—The topick I presum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha' by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he lists—

Scamper. And who?

Donald. [*tartly.*] Men, women, and bairns.

Scamper. Bairns; who are they?

Foot.

Foote. Oh ! children——his meaning is obvious enough.

Donald. Ay, ay ; men, women, and bairns, wherever he lists ; and first for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the first orator ?—Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latineest ; ye are wide o'the mark ; or Demosthenes the Greek ? In gude troth, ye're as far off as before—Wha was it then ? It was e'en that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel—

Scamper. [*Hastily.*] The devil it was ; how do you prove that ?

Donald. Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang ; an ye'll but ha'd yer tongue, I'll prove it as plain as a pike-staff.

Tireback. Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

Donald. I say it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil himsel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi' plenty o' bannocks and cail, and aw that they wished, but were prohibited the eating of pepins——

Scamper. Apples——

Donald. Weel, weel, and are na pepins and apples aw the same thing ?

Foote. Nay, pray, Gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pepins——

Donald. Prohibited the eating of pepins ; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whispers a fast speech in her lug ;
egad

egad our grannum fell to in an instant, and eat a pepin without staying to pare it—
(*Addresses himself to the Oxonians.*) Ken ye lads, wha was the first orator, now?

Tireback. [*to Scamper.*] What say you to that?

Scamper. By my soul, the fellow's right—

Donald. Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience— ye wan'na ha' patience, lads—

Tireback. Hold your jaw, and go on—

Donald. Now, we come to the definition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words *oro, orare*, to intreat, or perswad; and how, by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument consists o' letters, which letters, joined mak syllables, which syllables compounded mak words, which words combined mak sentences, or periods, or which aw together mak an orator, so the first gift of an orator is words—

Scamper. Here, Donald, you are out.

Donald. How so?

Scamper. Words, the first gift of an orator! No, Donald, no, at school I learned better than that: Do'st not remember, Will, what is the first perfection of an orator? action. The second, action. The third, action.

Tireback. Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a dose—

Donald. An ye stay me, i' the midst o' my argument—

Scamper.

Scamper. Why don't you stick to truth?

Donald. I tell ye, I can *logically*.

Tireback. Damn your logick—

Donald. Mighty weel—Maister Foote, how ca' ye this usage?

Foote. Oh! never mind them—proceed.

Donald. In gude troth, I'fe nat say ane word mare.

Foote. Finish, finish, Donald.—

Donald. Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they will enter into a fair argumentation, I'fe convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.—

Scamper. You be—

Donald. Very weel—

Foote. Nay, but my dear Donald—

Donald. Hands aff, Maister Foote—I ha' finished my tale, the De'el a word mare fal ye get out o' Donald—yer servant, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Foote. You see, gentlemen, what your impatience has lost us.

Scamper. Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your *pupils*? why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns!—

Foote. His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then consider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his present condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the *Robin-Hood*; and in a month or two,

we shan't be ashamed to start him in a more *respectable place*.

But now, gentlemen, we are to descend to the peculiar essential qualities of each distinct species of oratory ; and first for the bar—but as no didactic rules can so well convey, or words make a proper impression, we will have recourse to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonstrate the extent of our art. We must, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils ; but as some preparation is necessary, we hope you will indulge us in a short interruption.

End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II.

*SCENE, A Hall of Justice.**Enter FOOTE.*

THE first species of Oratory we are to demonstrate our skill in, is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to suppose this a court of justice, furnished with proper ministers to discharge the necessary functions. But, to supply these gentlemen with business, we must likewise institute an imaginary cause; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the prosecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phænomenon that has much puzzled the brains, and terrified the minds, of many of our fellow-subjects.

You are to consider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a species of oratory distinct from every other. It has been observed, that the ornaments of this profession have not shone with equal lustre in an assembly near their own hall; the reason assigned, though a pleasant, is not the true *one*. It has been hinted, that these gentlemen were in want of their briefs; but was that

the disease, the remedy would be easy enough: they need only have recourse to the *artifice* successfully practised by some of their colleagues; instead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[*Calls to his pupils, who enter dressed as a justice, a clerk, a serjeant at law, and a counsellor.*]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauses, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: now seat yourselves, and you the counsel remember to be mighty dull, and you the justice to fall asleep. I must prepare to appear in this cause as a witness.

[*Exit.*]

Justice. Clerk, read the Indictment.

Clerk Reads.

Middlesex, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, That on or before the first day of January, 1762, you the said Fanny did, in a certain house, in a certain street, called Cock-lane, in the county of Middlesex, maliciously, treacherously, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, scratchings, and flutterings against doors, walls, wainscots, bedsteads, and bedposts, disturb, annoy, assault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffensive, harmless, quiet, simple people, residing in, at, near or about the said Cock-lane, and elsewhere, in the said county of Middlesex, to the great prejudice
of

of said people in said county. How say you, guilty, or—

Counsellor stops the Clerk short.

May it please your worship—hem—I am counsel in this cause for the ghost—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I shall object to her pleading at all.—Hem—It is the standing law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been so allowed, deemed, and practised, that—hem—all criminals should be tried *par pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themselves. Now, if this be the case, as the case it is; I—hem—I should be glad to know, how my client can be tried in this here manner. And first, who is my client? She is in the indictment called a phantom, a ghost; What is a ghost? a spirit. What is a spirit? a spirit is a thing that exists independently of, and is superior to, flesh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can advise my client to submit to be tried by people of an inferior rank to herself? certainly no—I therefore, humbly move to squash this indictment, unless a jury of ghosts be first had, and obtained; unless a jury of ghosts be first had and obtained.

[Sits down.]

Serjeant. I am, in this cause, Counsel against Fanny Phantom the ghost;—eh—and notwithstanding the rule laid down by

Mr. Prosequi, be—eh—right in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, please your worship, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom,—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghosts; but—eh—if she did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, please your worship, prove by a cloud of witnesses, that said Fanny did, as specified in the indictment, scratch, knock, and flutter;—eh—which said scratchings, knockings, and flutterings—eh—being operations, merely peculiar to flesh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend—eh—that by condescending to execute the afore-said operations, she has waved her privilege as a ghost, and may be tried in the ordinary form, according to the statute so made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your worship's opinion.

Tireback. Smoke the justice, he is as fast as a church.

Scamper. I fancy he has touched the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of what they have been saying.

Justice. [*Is waked by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.*] Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr. Prosequi, is (*whispers the clerk*) doubtless provisionally a valid objection; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as asserted in Mr. Serjeant's replication; we conceive she

she may be legally tried—oh,—besides—oh,—besides, I, I, I can't well see how we could impanel a jury of ghosts; or—oh—how twelve spirits, who have no body at all can be said to take a corporal oath, as required by law—unless, indeed, as in case of the peerage, the prisoner may be tried on their honour.

Counsellor. Your worship's distinction is just; knockings, scratchings, &c. as asserted by Mr. Serjeant.—

Serjeant. Asserted—Sir, do you doubt my instructions?

Counsellor. No interruptions, if you please, Mr. Serjeant; I say as asserted, but can assertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no—

Serjeant. Our evidence is ready—

Counsellor. To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your worship—

Serjeant. Your worship—

Justice. Why, as you impeach the ghost's privilege, you must produce proofs of her scratchings.

Serjeant. Call Shadrach Bodkin.

Clerk. Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

Enter Bodkin.

Serjeant. Pray, Mr. Bodkin, where do you live?

Bodkin. I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

Serjeant. What is your profession?

Bodkin. I am a *teacher of the word*, and a *taylor*.

Scamper. Zounds, Will, it is a methodist.

Tireback. No, sure!

Scamper. By the lord Harry, it is.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. Do you know any thing of Fanny the Phantom?

Bodkin. Yea—I do.

Serjeant. Can you give any account of her thumpings, scratchings, and flutterings?

Bodkin. Yea——manifold have been the scratchings and knockings that I have heard.

Serjeant. Name the times.

Bodkin. I have attended the spirit *Fanny* from the first day of her flutterings, even to the last scratch she gave.

Serjeant. How long may that be?

Bodkin. Five weeks did she flutter, and six weeks did she scratch.

Scamper. Six weeks—Damn it, I wonder she did not wear out her nails.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. I hope the court is convinced.

Counsellor. Hold, Master Bodkin, you and I must have a little discourse. A taylor, you say. Do you work at your business?

Bodkin. No—

Counsellor. Look upon me, look upon the court

court—Then your present trade is your teaching?

Bodkin. It is no trade.

Counsellor. What is it then, a calling?

Bodkin. No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may say—a *forcing*—a *compelling*—

Counsellor. By whom?

Bodkin. By the spirit that is within me—

Scamper. It is an evil spirit, I believe; and needs must when the devil drives, you know, Will.

Tireback. Right, Harry—

Counsellor. When did you first feel these spiritual motions?

Bodkin. In the town of Norwich, where I was born;—One day as I was sitting cross-legged on my shop-board, new seating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr. Alderman Crape's—I felt the spirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—at first I thought it was the colic—

Counsellor. And how are you certain it was not?

Bodkin. At last I heard a voice whispering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, cast away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and sheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

Counsellor. And you did?

Bodkin. Yea, verily.

Counsellor.

Bodkin. I sojourn in Lukener's-lane.

Serjeant. What is your profession?

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Counsellor. And you did?

Bodkin. Yea, verily.

Counsellor.

Counsellor. I think I have heard a little of you, Master Bodkin; and so you quitted your business, your wife, and your children?

Bodkin. I did.

Counsellor. You did—But then you communed with other men's wives?

Bodkin. Yea, and with widows, and with maidens.

Counsellor. How came that about, Shadrach?

Bodkin. I was moved thereunto by the spirit.

Counsellor. I should rather think by the flesh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant——

Bodkin. Thou art deceived—They were barely but nine.

Counsellor. Why, this was an active spirit.

Serjeant. But to the point, Mr. Prosequi.

Counsellor. Well, then—you say you have heard those scratchings and knockings?

Bodkin. Yea——

Counsellor. But why did you think they came from a spirit?

Bodkin. Because the very same thumps, scratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breast-bone from the spirit within me——

Counsellor. And these noises you are sure you heard on the first of January?

Bodkin. Certain——

Serjeant. But to what do all those interrogatories tend?

Counsellor.

Counsellor. To a most material purpose; your worship observes, that Bodkin is positive as to the noises made on the first day of January by Fanny the Phantom: now if we can prove an *Alibi*, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the said Fanny was scratching and fluttering any where else, we apprehend that we destroy the credit of this witness—Call Peter Paragraph.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Counsellor. This gentlemen is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable story; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your worship will indulge him in the use of a chair.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Enter Paragraph.

Counsellor. Pray, Mr. Paragraph where was you born?

Paragraph. Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

Counsellor. When did you arrive in the city of London?

Paragraph. About the last autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my *Journal* makes mention of my departure for England, in the Beisborough Packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or New Stile.

Counsellor.

Counsellor. Oh! then the Journal is yours?

Paragraph. Please your worship, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleasant conceit—Last week I went to visit a *peer*, for I know *peers*, and *peers* know me. Quoth his lordship to me, Mr. Paragraph, with respect to your Journal, I would wish that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the peer, by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his lordship was pleased to laugh. It was such a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he——

Justice. Pray, Mr. Paragraph, what might be your business in England?

Paragraph. Hem——a little love affair, please your worship.

Counsellor. A wife, I suppose——

Paragraph. Something tending that way; even so long ago as January 1739-40, there past some amorous glances between us; she is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnstile; but at that time I stifled my passion, Mrs. Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

Counsellor. She is now dead?

Paragraph. Three years and three quarters, please your worship: we were exceeding happy together; she was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

Counsellor. No wonder——

Paragraph.

Paragraph. Yes: they can't help it, poor souls; but notwithstanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my Journal.

Counsellor. And how proceeds the present affair?

Paragraph. Just now, we are quite at a stand—

Counsellor. How so?

Paragraph. The old scoundrel her father has played me a slippery trick.

Counsellor. Indeed!

Paragraph. As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her *fortune in copies*; I was to have the Wits *Vade Mucum* entire; four hundred of news from the invisible world, in sheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brewing, and Balsam of Honey, and three eights of Robinson Crusoe.

Counsellor. A pretty fortune!

Paragraph. Yes; they are things that stir in the trade; but you must know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilst I and two authors, whom I had hired to ask questions, at nine shillings a night, were taking notice of the knockings at the house of Mr. Parsons himself, that old rascal Vamp had privately printed off a thousand eighteenpenny scratchings, purchased of two methodist preachers, at the public house over the way—

Counsellor.

Counsellor. Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he present at Mr. Parsons's knockings?

Paragraph. Never; this is one of the rascally methodists—Harkee, fellow, how could you be such a scoundrel to sell for genuine your counterfeit scratchings to Vamp?

Bodkin. My scratchings were the true scratchings—

Paragraph. Why, you lying son of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himself?

Bodkin. What the spirit commanded, that did I.

Paragraph. What spirit?

Bodkin. The spirit within me—

Paragraph. If I could but get at you, I would soon try what sort of a spirit it is—stop, you villain.—[*Exit Bodkin.*]—The rogue has made his escape—but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His scratchings! a scoundrel; I will have justice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigstye. [Exit Paragraph.]

Counsellor. I hope, please your worship, we have sufficiently established our *Alibi*.

Justice. You are unquestionably entitled to a jury of ghosts.

Counsellor. Mr. Serjeant, you will provide us a list?

Serjeant. Let us see—you have no objection to

to Sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghost of Banquo; Mrs. Veal.

Counsellor. We object to a woman—your worship—

Justice. Why, it is not the practice; this, it must be owned, is an extraordinary case. But, however, if, on conviction, the Phantom should plead pregnancy, Mrs. Veal will be admitted into the jury of matrons.

Serjeant. I thank your worship: then the court is adjourned.

[*Terence and Dermot in an upper box.*]

Terence. By my shoul, but I will spake.

Dermot. Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

Terence. Dibble burn me but I will; hut, hut, not spake, what should ail me? harkee you, Mr. Justice—

Scamper. Halloo, what's the matter now, Will?

Dermot. Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

Terence. Dermot, be easy—

Scamper. Hear him—

Tireback. Hear him—

Terence. Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin Journal man, is as great a liar as ever was born—

Tireback. How so?

Terence. Ay, prithee don't bodder me; what, dy'e learn no more manners at Oxford college, than to stop a gentleman in the midst
of

of his speech before he begins? oh, for shame of yourself—Why the matter is this, Mr. Justice, that there what the debble dy'e call him, Pra-Praragraf, but by my shoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little bastard as well as myself; as to Fanny the Phantom, long life to the poor gentlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her——

Suds. Indeed! good lord, you surprise me!

Terence. Arrah, now, honey Suds, spake when you are spoke to; you arn't upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my shoul you are a little too fat for a ghost.

Tireback. Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on; let's hear a little what he would be at——

Terence. I say, he knows nothing about the case that is litigated here, d'ye see, at all, at all; because why, I hant ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month; and I saw him in his shop every day; so how could he be here and there too? unless, indeed, he used to fly backwards and forwards, and that you see is impossible, because why, he has got a wooden leg.

Scamper. What the devil is the fellow about?

Tireback. I smoke him—harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

Terence. Oh, my jewel, I know him well
enough

enough sure by his parson, for all he thought to conceal himself by changing his name—

Scamper. Why, it is Foote, you fool.

Terence. Arrah, who?

Tireback. Foote.

Terence. Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa—

Tireback. Yes.

Terence. Arrah, be easy, honey—

Scamper. Nay, enquire of Suds.

Suds. Truly I am minded 'twas he.

Terence. Your humble servant yourself, Mr. Suds; by my shoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no such matter at all, at all.

Scamper. Done—and be judged by the company.

Terence. Done—I'll ask the orator himself—here he comes;

Enter FOOTE.

harkee, honey Fot, was it yourself that was happing about here but now?

Foote. I have heard your debate, and must give judgment against you—

Terence. What, yourself, yourself!

Foote. It was—

Terence. Then, faith, I have lost my thirteens—Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing such pranks to bring an honest jontleman into company where he is

D

nat

nat——But what is this felling of lectures a thriving profession?

Foote. I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long opened.

Terence. By my shoul, if it answers, will you be my pupil and learn me the trade?

Foote. Willingly——

Terence. That's an honest fellow, long life to you, lad. *[Sits down.]*

Enter M'George.

M'George. Here is Doctor Friscano without.

Foote. Friscano—who is he?

M'George. The German phyfician from James-Street.

Foote. Well; what is his business with me?

M'George. He is in danger of losing his trade.

Foote. How so?

M'George. He says, last summer, things went on glibly enough, for then he had the market all to himself; but this year there is an Italian fellow started up in the garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

Foote. That's hard.

M'George. Dreadful—if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale you would really be

he mov^{ed} to compassion: he says that his bleeding won't find him in bread; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two stumps, for sixpence a piece, 'tis a month since he looked in a mouth—

Foote. How can I help him?

M^cGeorge. Why he thinks oratory will do all with the English; and if you would but teach him to talk, he should get his custom again—

Foote. Can he read?

M^cGeorge. Oh Lord! poor man, no.

Foote. Well let him attend here on—

M^cGeorge. He hopes that you will quickly dispatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horses again.

Foote. Well, tell him he may rest assured, he shall either bleed or shoe in a fortnight.

[*Exit M^cGeorge.*]

Foote. Having thus completed our lecture on the eloquence peculiar to the bar, we shall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited specimens of every branch of the art. You will have, at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquisite skill, our subjects are not such as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this sublime science, but a set of illiterate me-

chanics, whom you are to suppose assembled at the Robin-Hood in the Butcher-row, in order to discuss and adjust the various systems of Europe; but particularly to determine the separate interest of their own mother country.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Robin-Hood.*

The PRESIDENT.

Dermot O'Droheda, *a Chairman*; Tim Twist, *a Taylor*; Strap, *a Shoemaker*; Anvil, *a Smith*; Sam Slaughter, *a Butcher*; Catchpole, *a Bailiff*. All with pewter pots before them.

PRESIDENT.

SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots replenished with porter?

All. Full, Mr. President.

President. We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preserve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*]*—*Motion made last Monday to be debated to-day, “That, for the future, instead of that vulgar
 D 3 “potation called porter, the honourable
 “members

“ members may be supplied with a proper
 “ quantity of Irish usquebagh.

“ Dermot O’Droheda † his mark.”

O’Droheda. [*Gets up.*] That’s I myself.

President. Mr. O’Droheda.

O’Droheda. Mr. President, the case is this; it is not because I am any great lover of that same usquebagh that I have set my mark to the motion; but because I did not think it was decent for a number of gentlemen that were, d’ye see, met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure the liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when a man is hot with trotting between a couple of poles; but this is another guess’s matter, because why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to usquebagh; ah, long life to the liquor—it is an exhilarator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the head; I say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates, it—in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[*Sits down. Twist gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the heads of what he says, in his hat.*]

President. Mr. Timothy Twist.

Tim Twist. Mr. President, I second Mr. O’Droheda’s motion; and, sir, give me leave
 —I say,

—I say, Mr. President—*[looks in his hat]*—give me leave to observe, that, fir, tho' it is impossible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the straps; yet, fir,—*[looks in his hat again.]*—it may, fir, I say, be necessary to obviate some objections that may be made to the motion; and first, it may be thought—I say, fir, some gentlemen may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—*[looks in his hat,]*—and the duty doubtless it is of every member of this illustrious assembly to have a particular eye unto that; but Mr. President—fir—*[looks in his hat, is confused, and sits down.]*

President. Mr. Twist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist.

Twist. *[Gets up.]* I say, Mr. President, that, fir, if, fir, it be considered that—as—I say—*[looks in his hat]*—I have nothing farther to say.

[Sits down, and Strap gets up.]

President. Mr. Strap.

Strap. Mr. President, it was not my intention to trouble the assembly upon this occasion, but when I hear insinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the interest of this country is so deeply concerned, I own I cannot sit silent; and give me leave to say, fir, there never came before this assembly a point of more importance than this; it strikes,

fir, at the very root of your constitution; for, fir, what does this motion imply? it implies that porter, a wholesome, domestic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, fir? for a foreign pernicious commodity. I had, fir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned friend in the leather apron, to expel sherbet from amongst us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, fir, that I will sit silent to this? No, fir, I will put my shoulders strongly against it; I will oppose it *manibus totibus*. For should this proposal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to say, will, I foresee, be the issue; and I shan't be surpris'd, in a few days, to hear from the same quarter, a motion for the expulsion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whisky.

[A hum of approbation, with significant nods and winks from the other members. He sits down; and Anvil and another member get up together; some cry Anvil, others Jacobs.]

President. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, fir—

[The members all blow their noses, and cough; Anvil talks all the while, but is not heard.]

President. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

Anvil.

Anvil. I say Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent—[*All the members cough, and blow their noses again,*]
—I say, sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh, and Anvil sits down in a passion, and Slaughter gets up.*]

President. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Slaughter. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better for it; it's right; I am pleased; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and tho' I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*]
—Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter-pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman,

Englishman, than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration of the learned, and for that there reason, I shall take up no more of your time.

[He sits down, Catchpole gets up.]

President. Mr. Catchpole.

Catchpole. I get up to the point of law. And though, sir, I am bred to the business, I can't say I am prepared for this question. But though this usquebagh, as a dram, may not (by name) be subject to a duty, yet, it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be considered, as in the case of horses, to come under the article of dried goods—But I move that another day this point be debated.

Slaughter. I second the motion.

[Catchpole gives a paper to the President who reads it.]

President. Hear your motion.

“ That it be debated next Thursday, whether the dram usquebagh is subject to a particular duty; or, as in the case of horses,
“ to

“to be considered under the article of dried
“goods.”

All. Agreed, agreed.

Foote. And, now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every species of oratory, having manifested, in the persons of our pupils, our infinite address in conveying our knowledge to others, we shall close our morning's lecture, instituted for public good, with a proposal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private instructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary sermon for a lectureship; to young barristers who have causes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates of the sock or buskin; or to the new members of any of those oratorical societies with which this metropolis is at present so plentifully stocked.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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